

The Midnight Flight

by Hendemar2000

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Alvin the Treacherous, Hiccup, Stoick, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-24 22:13:25

Updated: 2015-07-06 04:09:10

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:07:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 23

Words: 16,710

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: For Hiccup, a midnight flight is a normal routine, even though his father doesn't know. One night though, something went wrong. Alvin was expecting him. Now in the clutches of the horrid Outcast's, Hiccup must find a way to escape, even if it means failing a few times, but no mistake is left unpunished on Outcast Island...

Rated T. I do not own How To Train Your Dragon.

1. Chapter 1

Hiccup hears the cell door close behind him as he lays in a heap on the cold hard floor where he had been thrown moments before. Sounds of dragons, desperate for escape flow through the air from a distance away. The small frail dragon conqueror slowly pulls himself on his hands and knees, his metal prosthetic clinking against the ground, making the air ring.

"Alone at last." Hiccup thinks to himself. Even though he's being held captive by Outcasts, hasn't eaten in days, and is being kept in a cold rancid prison cell, being alone for once is the only happiness that can keep him going, that and, Toothless. If Hiccup doesn't escape, or well, you know, the Nightfury would be crushed. No matter what horrid, cruel, vile things Alvin does to him, Hiccup will keep fighting to escape the Outcast Leader's clutches, no matter what. He will escape for Toothless, for the riders, for Astrid, for his father, and for the brave people of the small island of Berk that he will have to be brave for. Those thoughts mixed with the perfect silence of his small cell, are the only sparks of happiness that have kept him going for the past 3 days, 7 hours, 37 minutes, and 16 seconds. 17, 18, 19, 2-

"Well it looks like the dragon conqueror is lost in an ocean of thought." And the joyful loneliness slips away like water through a child's fingers. The raspy, deep, scratchy voice behind him brings a horrid chill down the boy's spine.

"What do you want Alvin?" Hiccup retorts, not daring to look back at the revolting, "Treacherous" Outcast leader towering over him. He hears Alvin grunt in laughter.

"You'll be begging for what I want if you don't train me dragons..."

"I'm pretty sure I won't..." Hiccup says, his annoyance in Alvin showing through as if it were being held back by thin ice in the middle of summer. That little comment gets him a smack in the head. Hiccup's head throbs a littler after the impact of Alvin's meaty hand.

"What I'm asking, 'iccup, is fairly simple," The Outcast continues, "Train me dragons."

Hiccup rolls his eyes. "My answer, Alvin, is fairly simple. No"

Alvin growls with frustration and anger. The sound of leather against leather fills the air. Hiccup's eyes open wide in fear. He knows that sound. He had heard it while Silent Sven was herding his yaks, there wasn't much to listen to but he still remembers that audible sound that was always followed by a crack. That was the sound of a whip being unsheathed. Hiccup closes his eyes, preparing for what's about to come.

The first lash falls...

****Authors Note:****

****I hope you guys enjoyed the first chapter! OOOHH Hiccup is captured by Outcasts for what, the 22342 millionth time now? Oh well! Looks like Alvin needs to control his temper a little more hmmmmmm? If you like this chapter please review! Also, I have a poll up on my profile where you can tell me what you would like to see in this story! Please review! I shall be updating soon! ****

****From your favorite Fangirl,****

****Mary/Marian****

2. Chapter 2: The Journal

****Author's Note:****

****Hi peoples! So this is a very short chapter. It is Stoick writing an entry in his journal. Ya. That's really all I can say. Tomorrow I'm going to Michigan's Adventure so I am sorry to say that I will not be able to post the third chapter. *tear tear* I have the story written on paper up to probably the fifth chapter so ya. And don't worry, I'll have Hiccup fight back a little bit so I don't mess up his character (but he will still be weak and injured) anyways... on with the chapter!****

*** * ***

><p>It's been 3 days since Outcast Leader Alvin the Treacherous kidnapped my son Hiccup during his midnight flight that I was unaware

of. The riders and I have been creating rescue plans nonstop but all of them have had a flaw. Alvin would expect that, Hiccup might not be well enough to fly, we can't blow up the whole island, most of those idea's were made by the Thorson twins. I'm starting to think that I'm never going to see my little Hiccup again. Oh Odin help us...

* * *

><p>Told you it was a short chapter! I might post another chapter today but I'm not sure cause I really want to practice guitar but I also want to finish reading the Death Cure but I also want to read the Insider but I also want to read fan fiction but I also want to watch Gravity Falls online but *sighs* I have fangirl probs. Oh well! Please review! I hope you enjoyed this short chapter!

****From your favorite Fangirl,****

****Mary/Marian****

3. Chapter 3: I'm Sorry

****Author's Note:****

****This chapter is a little sad so grab the tissues if you are emotionally unstable or have just finished any sad book, such as The Fault In Our Stars... Okay, let's get started! Okay (sorry I just had to!)****

* * *

><p>The smell of Hiccup's own blood lingers in the air. 11 lashes. 2 painful minutes. Alvin had finally stopped once Savage reminded him that they need the boy alive. The small dragon conqueror lays helplessly in a heap on the floor, a small puddle of his own coppery blood forming below his back, growing slowly as more liquid seeps down the back of his tunic.<p>

Hiccup's fur vest covers most of the wounds, but not all. His blood soaked tunic works like an old sponge, letting out more than taking in.

The pain.

It's excruciating.

Every shaky breath he takes in turns into a burning, stinging sensation that grips the open wounds on his back, slowly spreading through the rest of his frail thin body. His breaths slowly turn into shaky sobs as the pain clenches harder. Only one thought lingers in Hiccup's mind.

He can't escape in the condition. He can't train dragon's like this. If he doesn't train dragon's this will happen again and if this happens again... Even if he does manage to get out of his cell, Alvin will just capture him again and punish him for escaping. He failed Toothless, he can feel the Nightfury's heart breaking as if it were inside his own chest, he failed the riders, he failed Astrid, he failed the brave people of Berk who he will try with his small amount

of strength still to be brave for. He failed his own chief and father.

"I'm s-sorry dad." Whispers Hiccup in a shaky breath.

"I'm so s-sorry..." The pain clenches harder on the tortured dragon conqueror as he cries out in agony...

* * *

><p>Told you to grab tissues *sniff sniff* Don't worry, some happy moments are coming. Do those moments involve the plans being made? Yes. Do they involve a set of blonde twins? Yes. Do they involve DUMB blonde twins? Yes. Do they involve blowing stuff up and making Astrid very annoyed? Yes, yes they do... Well I hope you all have a good rest of the day, or night, or afternoon, or whatever time of day your reading this...

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

4. Chapter 4: Plans

Good morning my peoples! I lied before. My friend doesn't come to pick me up until 8:30 so I have 30 minutes to type a new chapter which I have written in my notebook. So ya! Here we go!

* * *

><p>"We already talked about this Tuffnut! If we blow up the whole island Hiccup will be killed!" Astrid retorts to the twins as the groan about not being able to blow anything up.<p>

"But what if we have Hiccup blast down some Outcasts first?!" Ruffnut shouts, loving the idea of blowing stuff up.

"Hey that's my idea!" Tuffnut retorts and punches his sisters arm. Ruffnut punches back.

"Well you stole it from my mind then!" Ruffnut shouts. Tuffnut returns a punch and a full on fist battle breaks out between the twins as usual. Astrid sighs in annoyance and face palms, when she hears the door to the Great Hall open.

The five teens turn to see the chief walking in. They freeze, even the twins stop their brawl for a moment to look.

Stoick looks worse than usual. Bags hang under his eyes, his beard is messier than usual viking standards, and his eyes a somewhat watery. But, he still has the stamp of determination on his face that every chief has to have, even if their only son has been kidnapped by the island's worst enemy.

"Have you formed a plan to rescue my son yet?" The chief asks as he sits down at the table in between Astrid and a timid Fishlegs who's hoping the chief won't ask him for a plan.

"We don't have one yet sir..." Astrid says unfortunately.

"I have a plan!" Shouts Tuffnut, raising his hand high in the air.

"Spit it out then! My son's life is on the line!" Stoick yells at the boy.

"Okay, so, we go to Outcast Island on our dragons, and..." Everyone freezes for a moment. Is Tuffnut actually coming up with a plan to save their island's heir? "AND WE BLOW EVERYTHING UP!" Tuffnut shouts while making annoying hand gestures. And the answer is no.

"That was my idea too!" Ruffnut shouts.

"YA!" The twins shout in unison, banging their heads together with a loud ting of metal against metal ringing through the air.

Stoick sighs, sloaching back in his chair, his head hanging in his hands.

"At this rate, Hiccup will be dead by the time we find him.." He whispers to himself. He still remembers the horrid night Hiccup was taken...

* * *

><p>CLIFF HANGER! And yes, the next two chapters will be a flashback! Yaaay! So I hope you enjoyed this chapter. I of course had to have the twins being stupid somewhere, it wouldn't be right if there wasn't! Well I hope you all have a fun day or night, or morning or whatever time of day it is. Please review!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

5. Chapter 5: Flashback Part 1

Hi peoples! Here is the moment you've all been waiting for... drum roll please!... You get to read about how, when, where, why, Hiccup was captured... Brace yourselves! And. Here. We. Go...

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV:

The wind whistles in Hiccup's ears as the dark clouds pass by. Moonlight bounces off the light mist that drifts in the cool midnight air. Hiccup pars Toothless lightly on the head.

"Ready to try this bud?"

The Nightfury grumbles happily in response.

"Let's do this." Hiccup replies, moving his "foot" peddle into the 5th position. The pair dives down towards the ground below. The rider's auburn hair flies back behind him as the ground comes closer with every second.

"4, 3, 2-" Hiccup moves the peddle into the 3rd position and the pair twist into a sideways spiral at only 2 feet above the ground! The rider puts the peddle back into 1st position and the Nightfury glides back up into the night sky.

"Good job bud!" Hiccup says to Toothless, rubbing the dragon's head gently. The Nightfury purrs playfully.

"We should probably head back before dad realizes we're gone." Toothless nods and flies towards the left over the cove.

Suddenly, the dragon stops in mid-flight, flying, almost hovering, in one spot. The Nightfury scans the perimeter, growling audibly.

"What's wrong bud?" Hiccup asks. Toothless growls but doesn't move. "Toothless?"

Out of nowhere, a bola crashes into the pair, knocking out of the sky!

"TOOTHLESS!" Cries the bound dragon rider. The pair plummets towards the earth, fighting against the ropes that hold them.

20 feet, 15 feet, 9 feet, 4 feet, 2 feet-

Both rider and dragon impact the ground, sand from the cove swirling around them. Toothless groans in pain and lets out a loud roar, struggling against the ropes that hold him and his rider captive. The swirling sand blinds Hiccup as he coughs, gasping for air in the swirling wind.

"Hello Hiccup." A raspy man's voice calls as the sand slowly clears back to the ground. Hiccup recognizes the voice instantly. The voice could only belong to the most Treacherous man alive.

"Alvin..." Scowls a captive Hiccup. Suddenly, many hands grab the boy and tug him painfully out of the ropes, separating him from Toothless, separating him from his best friend. The Nightfury roars in protest at this and struggles more aggressively against the ropes.

Once the two are separated, the men quickly bind the boy's hands behind his back. Hiccup rolls his eyes at this, what do they think he's going to do after falling 30 feet out of the sky on the back of an over-sized flying lizard?

The men tighten the ropes causing Hiccup to wince and let out a tiny whimper of pain. Alvin smiles at hearing this, his black tangled beard rustling in the wind. Savage pushes Hiccup to his knees.

"What do you want Alvin?" Hiccup asks, his anger and annoyance showing through. The two Outcast's tighten their grip on the boy's shoulders.

"I want you to train some dragons for me." The Outcast leaser replies, an evil grin forming on his face in the pale moonlight.

"And exactly why would I do that?" Hiccup retorts back. Suddenly, the

sound of a sword unsheathing fills the night air, followed by a cool piece of metal being pressed against the boy's throat.

"I think you know why..." Alvin says evilly, his grey eyes staring deeply into Hiccup's green eyes. This sends a horrid chill down the boy's spine. Hiccup gulps as he's pulled to his feet, the sword still pressed against his small throat.

"Let's move out men!" The Outcast shouts as Hiccup is pushed along. The Treacherous Outcast leans close to the boy and whispers something through foul lips.

"Say goodbye to Berk, 'iccup, forever..."

* * *

><p>OOOOOHHHH! So intense! I hope you guys enjoyed the flashback and oh what is this? This is only part 1? *smiles evilly* how wonderful...

**So anyways... I have a question for you guys. I'm thinking of calling the awesome peoples who read this story something. Any suggestions? **

Anyways... Next chapter will be coming probably tomorrow, let's see how Stoick will respond to all this... *smiles evilly* Ha ha ha. I feel so evil right now like I could kill off any character or do anything...this is probably how Rick Riordan, Ridley Pearson, and James Dashner feel all the time... huh... anyways. Peace out peoples! See yall tomorrow! Wait did I just say yall? Oh well!

From your favorite Fangirl,

**Mary/Marian **

6. Chapter 6: Flashback Part 2

Hi peoples! Sorry I haven't been on lately, one of the strings on my guitar broke so I had to get that fixed, then I just got this new book called Wonder and I'm also reading The Lone Survivor and I'm also reading The Death Cure and I'm also reading The Insider. (as you can tell I hate reading) I wrote most of this chapter when I was up north at my grandparent's house when my sister and my mom went huckleberry picking and I couldn't go cause I didn't bring long pants... So ya... Here we go!

* * *

><p>Stoick wakes up. Sweat streams slowly down his face as his heart races inside his viking sized chest.<p>

"Something's not right." He thinks to himself, running his fingers through his tangled orange beard. The sound of fire crackling lingers in the air. Wait the sounds, no the sound. If Stoick ever woke up in the middle of the night he could always hear his son's Nightfury snoring in the bedroom upstairs. That simple sound is missing.

"What is it about midnight flights that the boy loves so much?" The tired chief whispers to himself as he pushes himself out of bed.

Stoick makes the long journey down to the cove, knowing that's the spot Hiccup always stops to rest during flights. The cool night wind rustles against the chief as he walks through the sand, scanning the area for a small thin boy with one leg and a Nightfury with one tail. He holds his torch up higher, the orangy light combining with the pale glow of the moon.

"Hiccup?" Stoick calls out into the dimly lit cove. Nothing. "Hiccup I know you went on a flight, we can either do this the easy way or the hard way son."

The chief waits for a moment. Still nothing. Stoick raises his eyebrows at this. The boy would always come out of his hiding spot once he said that.

"This isn't funny Hiccup." The chief retorts into the pale darkness, holding his torch farther out in front of him. He waits a few moments. Nothing.

"This isn't like Hiccup..." Stoick thinks to himself, stroking his auburn beard with his free hand.

Suddenly, the silence is filled with a painful roar ringing through the air.

The chief gasps.

"Toothless."

Stoick raises his torch higher, the bright flames overpowering the pale, dark, moonlight.

"Toothless? Hiccup?" More Nightfury cries escape from the darkness, filling the air around the worried chief. Stoick walks closer to the sound, the sand dusting against his viking sized shoes. He scans the cove for any sign of a one-tailed Nightfury with a one-legged boy.

Another cry escapes into the air, fairly close this time.

"TOOTHLESS?!" Stoick calls out into the darkness. Suddenly he sees it. A large black, shadowy form, laying in a heap in the sand. Yet another cry escapes into the air. Stoick can feel the sand shake as it rings past his ears.

"Toothless." The chief whispers to himself as he runs over to the dragon. The closer he gets, the more detail he can see on the dragon. The closer he gets, the more he can see the ropes holding the Nightfury captive.

"Toothless!" Shouts stoick as he quickly approaches the dragon. "Who did this to you? Where's Hiccup?"

The Nightfury grumples in response as the chief pulls out his dagger and begins to cut away at the ropes that hold the dragon captive.

Stoick stops for a second.

"Wait..." He picks up a piece of the rope, rubbing it between his fingers. He lifts it up to his nose and smells it.

"No..." That one simple word escapes his lips. The rope isn't made of any ordinary substance, it's made of the thin strips of bark from a Loki tree. A tree that only grows on one island. Outcast Island.

"I'll kill Alvin if he even touches a hair on Hiccup's head..." Stoick whispers to himself as he continues to cut Toothless free.

The Nightfury groans and growls as he tears free of the rest of the weak bolas that used to hold him. Toothless looks willingly at the chief showing hardly any sign of injury. The dragon puts his nose to the ground and sniffs around the sand, looking for any sign of his missing rider. There's no sign of him. The worried Nightfury looks up at the chief, his eyes staring into his. Stoick only shakes his head.

"Come on Toothless, we have to tell the others so we can start making a plan to rescue Hiccup." Toothless responds by walking towards the chief and bending down, signalling for Stoick to hop on his back. Stoick does so and the Nightfury kicks into gear. Not being able to fly without Hiccup, Toothless runs across the sand, not stopping for anything.

"Hang on son, we're coming..." Stoick whispers to himself as the pair approach the village.

* * *

><p>I hope you guys liked it! I already have the next chapter written and I'm working on the one after that (which will be Hiccup's POV) Oh ya I forgot to tell you guys but I broke my toe. Ya.. I was on the swings with my friend and there was a volleyball in front of her that she was trying to kick and I was trying to too and she was about to kick it and I was about to kick it and I accidentally kicked her ankle REALLY hard and ya. All she felt was a light tap on her ankle so my friend has like Iron Man ankles that are capable of breaking toes. Anyways, I hope you guys liked this chapter oh and I just made the Loki tree's up so idk if they're real or not so ya. Next chapter will be posted soon!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

7. Chapter 7: The Rescue Plan

Hi peoples! I'm soooo sorry for not updating! I've been really busy! I had cooking camp all this week! Also, I have an announcement.]

I'm Abandoning this story.

**NOPE! JUST KIDDING! Sorry for the heart attacks and any feels that little joke caused! There will be many more chapters for this story but they might not be posted as quickly as the first few were. I am

sorry if this makes you guys feel bad... Oh and also. Have you guys watched the The Maze Runner Panel?!**

Will:"Green."

Dylan:"Red."

Both:"CHRISTMAS!"

Kaya:"DID YOU JUST HIGH FIVE MY CAT DYING!?"

Anyways, while you guys wait for this story to be updated, here are the names of some others you could read.

Crevice, How To Get Rid Of Dragons, Blackmail, In Dragons We Trust, A Fight For An Heir, Venomous, or Not Alone. Sorry for rambling so long! Here's the latest, newest, most awesome chapter ever! (probably not the MOST awesome but you get the point) ON WITH THE CHAPTER!

* * *

><p>"Stoick? Stoick!"<p>

The chief perks out of his thoughts and back into reality.

"Sorry Astrid." Stoick apologizes, focusing back into the conversation.

"Wait, what if we go to Outcast Island while Alvin's not there?" Fishlegs suggests.

"Don't be such an idiot," Snotlout retorts, being a typical Snotlout, "Alvin never leaves his island, unless he's attacking Berk..."

"Wait, that's it!" Astrid shouts, "We lout Alvin away from Outcast Island!"

"But where would we lout him to?" Stoick asks.

"Berk?" Fishlegs suggests.

"No, if Alvin invades Berk, he'll have thousands of Outcast soldiers that you would need to help defend us from." The chief replies.

"Dragon Island?" Astrid puts out.

"If Alvin goes there, he'll defiantly bring Hiccup there to train dragons and it would be way to difficult to rescue him with that many Outcasts around."

"What about the middle of the ocean." Ruffnut suggests.

"Wait, that's it!" Stoick shouts surprisingly. "We lout Alvin out into the ocean on the Outcast ships, the twins and Snotlout will shoot them down with their dragons and keep them busy while Astrid, Fishlegs and I will go to Outcast Island and rescue Hiccup."

"Just to be clear," Tuffnut starts, "We DO get to blow stuff up?"

"Yes Tuffnut, you DO get to blow stuff up." The chief replies with a small smile.

"YES!" The twins shout in unison banging their heads together with excitement.

"Wait," Snotlout jumps in, "How exactly how we going to lout Alvin out into the ocean?"

"Trader Johann!" Astrid shouts!

"Yes! Brilliant Astrid!" Stoick congratulates the bright dragon rider. "I can tell Johann about out situation, he tells Alvin that he has a new shipment of weaponry and he's going to be passing by Outcast Island on his way to another island, they will meet out at sea and the rest goes as planned!":

"That's perfect!" Astrid shouts.

"When should we leave?" Fishlegs asks.

"As soon as I can contact Johann." Stoick replies, stranding up from the table. "We have no time to waste. Make sure you and your dragon are ready at anytime. Who knows what Alvin is doing to Hiccup..."

The teens quickly nod and exit the Great Hall.

"Don't worry son, we're coming..."

* * *

><p>DIDN'T YOU LOOVVVEEE IT! The plan took awhile to come up with cause I didn't want it to be like one of those rescue plans that you read about in every HTTYD FF. Oh and whoever commented as Jo: "Why do I always read these Hiccup torture stories!"

**I ask myself the same thing ALL the time! Idk what it is but I just love stories like that! Oh and another message to that person, if you like stories like this, READ THE MAZE RUNNER! (It kinda has the torture vibe in it and it's soooooo good! **

So anyways, I'm actually not finished with writing the next chapter FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOREVER! THERE'LL BE MUSIC THERE'LL B- Sorry got into the moment. Anyways, the next chapter will probably be posted in a week, I can't make any promises! OH AND I'M GETTING MY BRACES OFF ON TUESDAY! YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYY! Sorry! I hope you guys liked this chapter and sorry for the long Author's Notes! I just really love talking to you guys! Okay so hope you guys have a great rest of the day, or week, or month, or year...

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

8. Chapter 8: Hiccups Plan

****HELLO FANGIRLS AND FANBOYS OF THE WORLD! I BRING THE NEXT CHAPTER OF THE MIDNIGHT FLIGHT! Sorry! I just had a weird moment there! Hi! Sooooooooo SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN UPDATING AND WHY AM I USING ALL CAPS!? Sorry about that! So anyways. I just finished The Death Cure and page 250! *tear tear* I also finished The Lost Hero! I'm reading The Son of Neptune right now and oh my shuckin gosh I am in love with Frank! I SHIP FRAZEL SO HARD! Sorry! Anyways, enough about my life, let's get onto whatever cruel, horrid juicy stuff that's going on in Hiccup's life! (why did I use the word juicy? LOL) ON WITH THE STORY YOUNG LITTLE CHICKLETS! (did I really just call you guys Chicklets? haha I'm going to call you that all the time now!) Here we go, Chicklets! Hehehe *makes devious face*****

* * *

><p>"No." Hiccup whispers to himself, slowly trying to sit up a little more, his healing back stinging as if someone had stuck thousands of needles into the delicate flesh.<p>

"I can't let them down." The boy winces as he props his back against the cool wall, the coldness relieving some of the pain, but not all. Some of the lash wounds still bleed slowly, absorbing into his already soaked tunic.

He WILL make a plan to escape.

He WILL make it back to Berk.

He WILL escape no matter what.

Hiccup ponders for a minute, two, three, four! Every plan he makes is useless, just like him. Too many guards, Toothless isn't here, Alvin's too strong. He escaped once before, who can't he think of a plan to do it again?!

"Wait, I got it!"

All he has to do is train one of the dragons, then quickly escape on it. The top of the arena is made of wood beams, he can have to dragon burn through it then he can escape. The plan has a few risks but it will work.

The sound of the rusty cell door opening fills the air. The timing couldn't be better.

"Are you ready to train some dragons 'iccup, or do I have to persuade you again..." Alvin stands at the doorway, moving his hand to the handle of his whip.

Hiccup shudders at the memory, his back wounds stinging more than before. "I'll train them, just don't persuade me again..."

The boy hears the Outcast leader laugh at this. "The boy already cracked," He whispers to himself. "Savage owes me five pieces of gold."

The sound of more foot steps fills the cell. Suddenly, two meaty hands grab Hiccup by the shoulders and yank him to his feet, not at

all being careful of the wounds on his back. The men quickly bind the boy's hands behind his back. Hiccup winces as they tighten the ropes.

"Take 'im to the ring men." Alvin orders the Outcasts holding the boy tightly. "Oh and one more thing..."_

"Oh great." Hiccup whispers to himself. This gets Hiccup a smack in the head with one of the Outcast's meaty hands.

The treacherous leader continues. "Don't be afraid to punish the boy if he gives you any trouble... No mistake goes unpunished on Outcast Island..."

* * *

><p> YA WE GET TO HEAR FROM HICCUP AGAIN! Sorry about how short the chapter is! I'm working on the next one and it should be REALLY GOOD! Anyways... YOU GUYS NEED TO LISTEN TO THE HTTYD SOUNDTRACK! OH MY SHUCKIN GLOBS! ITS AMAZING! THE BEST SONG IS FORBIDDEN FRIENDSHIP WHICH I'M ACTUALLY LISTENING TO RIGHT NOW AS I TYPE THIS! I just love it! (I'm a soundtrack buff! I LOOOVE soundtracks!) Anyways... I hope you guys liked this chapter! The next one should be posted soon! School starts in 3 days for me so after September 2nd it might take me either a little longer to post or I might post all the time, depends if I write a lot before the half-hour I have to sit at my locker before school cause my mom works in the office so we have to get there early... Ya! See you little Chicklets next update! (See! Told you I would start calling you guys that!)

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

9. Chapter 9: The Dragon

Hi! I know I just posted a chapter but I literally JUST finished writing the next chapter and I am so excited for you guys to read it so I'm just going to post it now! I hope that's ok with you guys! Oh also, while reading the story, good songs to listen to from the HTTYD soundtrack are The Dragon Book and Dragon's Den. Hope you Chicklets enjoy this chapter!

* * *

><p>"Move it lad, we 'aven't got all day!" Savage shouts behind Hiccup. The Outcast shoves the flat end of his sword against the boys healing back. Hiccup winces as the cool hard metal impacts shortly against the gashes on his back.

The young dragon conqueror losses himself in thought do as he is pushed along. Is anyone actually coming for him? Do they even know he's gone? If they do know he's gone how would they know he's on Outcast Island? Alvin had been careful not to leave any evidence, except for the bound Nightfury...Wait, what if no one has found Toothless yet? What if he's...

Hiccup quickly shakes the thought away.

The dragon conqueror is pushed down the long hallway to the arena, passing by hundreds of cells slightly larger than his, housing all different species of dragons. Deadly Nadders, Monstrous Nightmares, Gronkles, Hideous Zipplebacks, even Whispering Deaths! All covered in horrid scares and bone thin.

"You'll see the dragons soon enough! Move it!" Savage shouts, pushing Hiccup down the hallway.

Hiccup hadn't realized how weak he was until he actually started walking. Every step makes a sharp pain shoot through his small body, Every breath ends with a shudder as air passes in and out of the boys dry throat. No water for three days can do that to you.

The arena finally comes into view. Just as he remembered it, except with a few more blood stains which don't make Hiccup feel any better about his plan.

A large open circular room stands before him. The walls atleast 12 feet tall, the rest is pieces of wood fuzzed together in a spider web pattern across the top of the arena, filling the space with pale mid-day sun. Across the wall are seven different large doors, each secured tightly with locks and chains.

Suddenly Hiccup feels a warm breath on his neck. He jumps at this.

"Try anything, lad, and Alvin with give you more than just a small whipping..." Savage whispers into the boy's ear through foul lips.

The small dragon conqueror gulps at this as the Outcast cuts the ropes off the boy's wrists. Hiccup rubs the raw skin as Alvin strolls into the room.

"Ready 'Dragon Conqueror'?" Alvin asks, glaring viciously at the boy.

"It's dragon trainer," Hiccup retorts, "and yes, I'm ready..."

Alvin smirks, "Release the first dragon!"

"Ok," Hiccup thinks to himself. "I just need to train this one dragon then get the hell out of here..."

The Outcasts men quickly go to removing the locks and chains off the first door. The door slowly creaks open, revealing two deadly yellow yest staring through the dark towards Hiccup...Wait. The dragon steps out, glaring its "head" at the small boy.

Hiccup's face drains of all color, his eyes wide, as if all hope had been sucked out of his small body.

Before him stood a Hideous Zippleback. The only dragon that can NOT be flown solo...

* * *

><p>CLIFF HANGER AND PLOT TWIST! BAZINGA! I hope Hiccup's plan will work! *smiles deviously* Anyways... I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! The next one will be Hiccup's POV but then after that chapter Hiccup's POV's will stop for awhile. Why you ask? You'll see... So the next couple chapters will be Stoick, Astrid, Alvin, and Johann's POV's probably. So ya! I hope you little Chicklets enjoyed this chapter! (I told you I would keep calling you guys that!)

****From your favorite Fangirl,****

****Mary/Marian ****

10. Chapter 10: The Mistake

****Hi Chicklets! Ok. This chapter is going to be intense. Intense beginning, intense ending. So be prepared... Here. we. go... (BE PREPARED FOR AWESOMENESS!)****

* * *

><p>The "Hideous" dragon stretches it's necks as it glares around the room at the Outcasts and the small human boy in front of it.<p>

"Get on with it lad!" Alvin shouts. Both the dragon's heads growl at hearing the man's voice. The right head opens it's mouth and green gas pours out onto the floor.

Hiccup gulps. "One wrong move and I'm toast." He thinks to himself. "Literally."

Slowly he takes a step towards the dragon. Then another, and another until he's close enough to touch it.

"It's ok big guy, I'm not gonna hurt you. I'm not like them..." Hiccup slowly says to the dragon. The Zippleback continues to look between Alvin, the man who hurt him so many times, and the small human, who smells like a friend.

"Here goes nothing..." Hiccup whispers to himself. He holds out both hands in front of him, turning his head away to show the dragon he can trust him.

The Zippleback stares at the boy with all four yellow glowing eyes. This act makes the dragon feel differently about this strange smelling small human. The Zippleback moves his heads and places them on the boys slightly trembling hands.

Hiccup opens his eyes and turns toward the dragon.

"Thank you." He mouths. Hiccup piers over his shoulder and sees Alvin talking to Savage about the bet they had made, too distracted to even notice that Hiccup had trained the dragon.

"Perfect."

Hiccup quickly makes a downward hand motion to the right head of the dragon and the Zippleback lowers his head down. The boy quickly climbs on, holding onto the horns with shaking hands. The Zippleback

raises its head again.

"Let's do this..." Hiccup whispers to the dragon, who he had now named Spike and Mist. The right wing, Mist's wing, starts to flap but the left, Spike's, stays down.

"Come on Spike." The boy reaches over and grabs Spike's horn, stretching himself between the two heads. The dragon slowly starts to rise as Spike and Mist flap their wings in unison. Higher, higher! Just a little bit-

"ALIVIN! THE BOY! HE'S ESCAPING!" Thanks a lot Savage...

Alvin quickly turns around to see a Zippleback flying towards the roof of the arena, with his dragon trainer stretched between the heads.

"MEN GET IN HERE!" Alvin shouts. Outcast men burst into the room, armed with crossbows.

"Shoot 'im down men!" Alvin yells at his men as they aim their bows.

Hiccup gulps as he see's the Outcast's raise their bows. "Come on... almost there..." The boy pushes the Mist's head forward and the dragon let's out a green flammable gas . Just as the dragon conqueror tightens his hold on Spike's horn, ready to heave the dragon light the gas, the first Outcast fires his arrow. It embeds itself into the boy's left shoulder with a wet thunk. Hiccup cries out and pulls his should back. By doing so, he pulls the dragons head, lighting the gas. The room bursts with light, turning into fiery hot flames. From the shock, Hiccup looses his grip.

He falls, the arrow still embedded in in his shoulder, small flames dancing across the sand below. Hiccup impacts the ground. All he can feel is pain. The last thing the dragon conqueror hears before seeping out of consciounesses is Alvin's voice.

"Oh 'iccup... Looks like your little plan failed..." A raspy laugh fills the air. "And no mistake goes unpunished on Outcast Island..."\

* * *

><p>Told you it would be intense! And that is sadly it for Hiccup POV's for a little bit. But! There is an Alvin POV coming soon! Anyways, I start school tomorrow... NOOOOOOOOO! So today was my last day of summer and I spent it writing and perfecting this AMAZING intense chapter for you guys while listening to the HTTYD soundtrack! Oh and for reading Author's Notes if you want, listen to Forbidden Friendship! Anyways. I might not get to post a lot cause I'll have volleyball practice after school everyday until 5pm... *tear tear* I hope you guys have a wonderful start of school! See you little Chicklet's next update!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

11. Chapter 11: Worried

****I'm going to apologize in advance for how short this chapter is. I have had the BIGGEST KLUNKIN CASE OF WRITERS BLOCK EVER! It was like I went through the Changing and I could remember little bits of what I wanted in this chapter but not everything or like I wanted a certain word to be like but I couldn't find the word. Anyways, here we go!****

Stoick the Vast pacing the floor of his house, trying to figure out the actual winner of the fight that Mulch and Bucket had, but his mind kept coming back to Hiccup.

"What could Alvin be doing to him?" This was the question that always came back into his mind. He had heard and seen of many Outcast torture methods. There was dunking, the Blood Eagle, Poison, Flogging. They are gruesome, cruel, barbaric.

The chief shudders at the thought of Alvin doing such things to his only frail small son.

He had contacted Johann by Terrible Terror message and the trader had said he'd be around Outcast Island the next day at noon. Even only waiting less than 24 hours still made Stoick nervous. Alvin could torture someone to death in a matter of minutes, who knows what he could do in 24 hours...

If Alvin does anything to his son, Stoick will personally cut open that asshole's stomach and watch his guts fall to the floor.

The only thing Stoick hopes is that his little boy is okay...

Stoick sighs. He stops pacing for a moment and looks around the quiet room. The house feels so empty without Hiccup.

The chief sighs and slumps down into his chair, letting out a painful sigh.

"Oh Odin help us..."

Stoick lets his head fall into his hands. Silence fills the room except for the slight cracking of the fireplace.

Moonlight shines in through the window, turning the room pale and cold on the early winters night.

The chief sits in silence as the wind blows light snow against side of the house. Of course, this brings back thoughts of Hiccup. Stoick can almost picture his little boy shivering on the floor of a rancid Outcast prison cell, blood and sweat seeping down his frail body.

The chief lifts his head and stares at the roaring fireplace. He can almost see Hiccup laying against Toothless's side, doodling away as the fire light flickers against his face. The image fades away.

"I wonder..."

Stoick gets up from his rickety old chair. The fire snaps as the chief makes his way to the stairs. He can almost hear the clinking of

Hiccup's prosthetic as he goes up to bed, Toothless trotting up behind him.

The stairs creek under the viking chief's weight as he walks. Stoick makes it to the closed door at the top of the stairs.

All he does is stare.

He can almost hear Hiccup calling for Toothless to stay still with a laugh as he tries to draw him or make adjustments to his tail. The chief lifts a shaking hand to the door handle. His hand grasps the cold piece of metal. Stoick takes a deep breath and pushes open the door. A low creaking sound fills the air as the room reveals itself to the chief's eyes.

Hiccup's small bed lay made and wrinkled with the small stuffed dragon sitting on his pillow. The boy's desk, as usual, is covered with many drawings, doodles, ideas and blueprints. He can almost picture the lad sitting there, perfecting the design of his bola cannon.

Stoick sighs when he sees Toothless. The poor Nightfury hadn't moved from his rock in 5 days. He would hardly eat ever since Hiccup was taken. The dragon would only sit and stare at the door as if his rider were to burst through.

Toothless lets out a pained sigh.

The chief looks at Toothless with sympathy. Stoick walks over to the depressed Nightfury and gives the dragon's head a slight scratch.

"Don't worry Toothless, we'll bring 'im home."

Toothless coos and presses head closer to Stoick. The chief sighs and sits down next to the large dragon, leaning his back against him as he had seen Hiccup do many times before. The Nightfury purrs at this, moving his wing to cover the chief's body like a blanket.

Stoick is startled by this but sighs and lets the dragon embrace him.

"Goodnight Toothless."

Toothless purrs in response.

"Goodnight Hiccup, hang in there, daddy will be there soon..." The chief whispers to himself. His eyelids slowly become like lead, 3 days without sleep can do that to you. Slowly sleep takes over the worried chief, nightmares of his son to come his way...

**I guess it wasn't as short as I thought. Huh. Oh well! THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE! DRUM ROLL PLEASE ROBERTO!

>Person: Whose Roberto?

Other Person: Idk but he's good at playing the drums...

**ALVIN'S POV! I know I know some people did not want this but I wanted to somehow give you guys an update on Hiccup's condition

without actually having you see Hiccup. But Alvin his plan...
**

**SPOILER ALERT! SPOILER ALERT SPOILER ALERT SPOILER ALERT!**

It may involve poison...

**END OF SPOILER ALERT.**

** Anyways... Lately I've been obsessed with the song Fireproof by 1D! Oh and school has been well, school. My first Volleyball game is on Monday and WARNING: GIRL ONLY STUFF: My period just started and I'm super mad because retreat is Tuesday and we go swimming and I don't know how to use a tampon and my flows are usually REALLY heavy and I'm really mad... END OF GIRL STUFF Anyways... I hope my little chicklet's liked this little Fatherly Fluffish Sad Toothless Chapter!
**

QOTC (question of the chapter)

If you watch Gravity Falls, what was your opinion on Sock Opera?

**AOTC: **

**I. AM. IN. LOVE! **

Mabel: Here have some Mabel Juice! It has plastic dinosaurs in it!

Stan: Ehhh, it's like you, coffee, and nightmares had a baby.

Anyways, wow this is a LONG authors note! Bye Chicklets see you next chapter!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Marian/ Mary

P.S

I would really appreciate it if you guys would watch my youtube video called Mustache Mangle, it's by Marian Henderson

Okay bye Chicklets!

12. Chapter 12: Treacherous

Hi guys! I just got back from Retreat and it was really fun! We went zip lining, made smores, played capture the flag. Ya... and... I SAW THE MAZE RUNNER LAST NIGHT AND OH MY SHUCKING GRIEVER GLOBS! IT WAS SHUCKIN aMAZEing! IT WAS JUST PERFECT! IT ENDED PERFECTLY! OH MY GLOBS AND DONT EVEN GET ME STARTED ON THE GRIEVERS! THOSE THINGS WERE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHUCKFACED UGLY CREATURES EVER! I LOVED DEM! Anyways... if you guys wanna talk about the movie, please send me a message and I would LOVE to talk! Anyways, here's Chapter 12 little Chicklet's!

* * *

><p>"Did you 'clean' the boy's wounds like I asked Savage?" The Treacherous Outcast Leader asks, leaning back in his sturdy wooden chair.<p>

"Yes sir. five buckets of salt water." Savage smirks. "You should've heard the land. He was crying for his daddy after the 2nd bucket."

Alvin let's out a "Treacherous" laugh and continues to clean is fingernails with his bloody dagger.

"Perfect...He'll crack by tomorrow..."

Savage smiles evilly, "You're a cruel man Alvin."

"Thank you, I try..." Alvin smirks, sitting up in his chair.

The two men sit in silence for a long moment.

"So what do you have planned next for the little brat?" Savage asks, cracking his knuckles, the hideous sound bouncing off the stone walls of the room.

Alvin stands up and stretches his back, then walks over to the small black cabinet on the far wall. He slowly opens it and takes out a small vial.

"This. They call it Pain, because that's the only thing you feel once it seeps into your body. It won't kill you. It will only make you want the sweet relief of death..." The small black vial twinkles in the dull light.

"When should we give it to that little son of a bitch?" Savage asks, snickering at the thought of the little twit doubling over in pain.

"As soon as possible..." Alvin smiles and hands the Outcast the black glass vial.

Savage laughs, "You're an evil man Alvin..."

"Don't tell me something I already know..."

The pair walk out into the hallway, torch light flickering against the walls. The Outcast men pass by the empty dark cells that line the walls.

Savage and the "Treacherous" Outcast Leader stop at a small cell door, moonlight casting in from the little barred window.

The men stare through the bars at the chained, crumpled figure shackled against the wall. Savage laughs.

"You really showed 'im sir."

Alvin the Treacherous smirks and unlocks the cell.

As he steps in, the first sound he hears is the sound of his boot

sploshing into a puddle. A puddle of cool, coppery, syrup-like blood...

* * *

><p>Ooooooh! Alvin's getting, how should I put it, Treacherous. Hehehe. Anyways. I hope you guys liked this chapter. I'll give you a layout for the next couple chapters. **13: Getting ready for a rescue 14: News from a Trader 15: Into the prison 16: He's Alive**

Anyways... That's just a little layout. They'll be atleast 20 chapters for this story. Anyways... If you Chicklets ever want to talk about anything I'm always open to it! Just message me and I'll try to get back to you ASAP! See you all next update!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

13. Chapter 13: He'll Be Fine, Right?

Hey guys! So I have a volleyball game tomorrow, and practice on Tuesday and then a game on Wednesday and practice on Thurs. and Friday. So ya... It's the same until October 25. *sighs* I only have the weekends to fangirl *tear tear* Anyways! So this chapter is one of my favorites so far! Here you go little Chicklets!

* * *

><p>Stoick runs over to one of the Outcast prison cells.

"HICCUP! HICCUP!" He yells, shaking the bars in despair.

The crumpled figure beyond the bars doesn't respond.

"You're too late Stoick..." Alvin steps out of the shadows of the cell.

Those words cause the chief's blood to turn cold.

"No...NO!" Suddenly his eyes fall on the dagger in the Treacherous man's hand. Alvin takes a step closer to the Berkian heir laying helplessly on the cold floor of the cell. He raises the hilt of the dagger.

Stoick tries with all his strength to call out but his voice won't let out even a small whisper as if his throat were being enclosed.

The chief desperately tries to move towards his boy, but his legs are as stiff as boards. Stoick's eyes widen in fear as he sees Alvin's grip tighten on the handle of the dagger.

"Say goodbye to your boy Stoick..." The Outcast stabs down his dagger. A wet thunk fills the air followed by a loud high pitched cry.

"HICCUP!" Stoick yells in agony as he sees coppery blood flow from his son's side. "My son! NO!"_

Stoick wakes up in a cold hard sweat. One word escapes his lips.

"Hiccup..."

The chief looks around. He's still in Hiccup's room, pale winter sun lightly fluttering in through the window. The chief sees that he is still laying against the Nightfury, who is still snoring away the day.

Stoick sighs and pats Toothless's head lightly. A bead of sweat trickles down the man's forehead and into his tangled beard.

The sweaty chief carefully gets up as to not wake the snoozing dragon.

He makes his way over to the door. His hand grasps the cool metal handle. Stoick pulls the door open and to his surprise, he's greeted by an unlikely face. Gobber.

"Oh 'er, sorry for scaring you Stoick." The old blacksmith says. "I didn't see ya down stairs so I thought you were up 'ere."

"It's fine Gobber..." The chief replies. "Can you help me get the supplies ready for the rescue?"

"Sure thing."

The pair walk down the stairs, well, Stoick walks, Gobber hobbles on his peg legs.

The blacksmith sees the worry painted across his friend's face. Gobber places his good hand on the chief's shoulder.

"He'll be alright Stoick..."

Stoick sighs. "But what if he's not Gobber, he's- it's just-"

"Hiccup's a strong lad, I mean, I remember one time in the forge, the boy smashed his finger with a red hot hammer, boy was it messy, but he refused to stop working, heck, it took me five minutes just to make him let me bandage it up."

"Hiccup did what!?" Stoick turns toward his friend in shock.

"He made me promise not to tell you, he didn't want to seem weak..." Gobber continues. "Anyways, that's not the point. The lad's stronger than you think he is, he'll make it."

"Thanks Gobber."

"Anytime 'ole friend." The two vikings step out the front door of the house, light snow falling into their facial hair.

"Okay, Gobber, please go tell the riders to be ready to fly out at 10."

"On it." Gobber hobbles off towards the academy, snow crunching beneath him.

Stoick sighs and makes his way towards the Great Hall.

"Stoick." A man's voice calls. The chief turns around to see Spitelout standing there.

"Yes Spitelout?"

"Would you like me to inform Gothi to be ready when you return with Hiccup?"

Stoick gulps at the mention of the healer's name and replies, "Yes, please do so."

The Jorgenson man runs off towards Gothi's hut.

The chief sighs. "I hope Gobber's right about Hiccup..."

"Hiccup's strong," Stoick thinks to himself, "he'll make it... right?"

* * *

><p>Didn't you just love it!? There was some fatherly fluff and of course I HAD to add Gobber somewhere in the story! It just wouldn't be right if I didn't! Anyways... Right now I'm listening to Fireproof by 1D and awkwardly dancing around with awkward head and body movements while sitting down and typing. ya... ARE YOU GUYS EXCITED FOR SOOS AND THE REAL GIRL?! I'm so excited for it! Soos is just, how can you not love him, he's SOOS! It's like Minho, how can you not love him, he's MINHO! Anyways, if you guys wanna talk **I'm always open to it! I love you guys! *gives virtual hug* *gives virtual cup of pudding* PUDDING FOR ALL! Sorry that was random. Next chapter will be probably Alvin's POV again but that will be his last POV. Okay, see you little lovely Chicklet's next update! *gives more pudding cups* ****>

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

14. Chapter 14: News from a Trader

Hi guys! I'm secretly typing this on my iPad during guided study when I'm kinda supposed to be doing my Algebra homework. Shhhhhh! Anyways... This chapter is Alvin's POV and it's pretty short but you do get an update on Hiccup's condition. YAY! So, Hope you little Chicklets enjoy this!

* * *

><p>Alvin and Savage step out of Hiccup's cell, horrid screams of agony flowing through the air as the poison takes control over the small frail dragon conqueror.<p>

"I love hearing that little twit scream." Alvin confesses with a laugh.

"It's music to my ears sir." Savage replies, listening as another cry ripples through the air.

"Alvin!" Calls a man's voice from behind him.

"What is it Smebulock?"

The Outcast stops in front of Alvin and catches his breath.

"Trader Johann has sent us a message. He will be near Outcast Island around noon: today."

"Perfect..." The Outcast Leader replies. "I need to stock up on some more Pain, I wasted it all on that little brat."

Smebulock grunts in laughter. "I'll inform him that we'll be meeting him at sea then."

"Wait, why at sea?" Savage interrupts.

Smebulock replies, "He's on his way to Frientic Island and he doesn't have time to come to shore."

Alvin the Treacherous ponders for a moment. "Sounds responsible...We should have a couple men stay here to guard the dragon conqueror."

Savage laughs.

"We really need to guard him He's chained up so tight that not even Thor himself could break free!"

"You're right Savage... load up the boats. That little brat is probably already conked out from the pain." The three Outcast men chuckle.

"I'll go inform the men." Savage concludes.

"Hurry it up... I have more plans for out little friend 'iccup once we return..."

* * *

><p>So ya... IM SO EXCITED FOR SOOS AND THE REAL GIRL TONIGHT! YAYA! Anyways. Last night I got an idea for a one shot sequel for this story! So a week after I post the last chapter I'll post it! It will be called Tortured Dreams! Anyways If you guys wanna talk just send me a message and I'll respond ASAP! I have a V-ball game so i gtg and the bells about to ring...

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

****Hey guys! Sorry I just have to say this before I forget but this review just made my day!****

****Dead girl 2162:Lol, I'm reading this when I'm supposed to be doing my homework . I am your story's and your biggest fan!****

****That was so sweet of you to say! I was just having a bad day that day because I was loaded with homework and I had a v-ball game which lasted until 8:00pm and then Biggby was closed (Oh and Biggby is a coffee place, idk if you guys have it where you live but it's in Michigan) Anyways, that just made my day and I'm still smiling! *gives virtual hug* ****

****Anyways.. this chapter... the end has the feels, Da Dreaded Feels... John Green Style Feels, J Dash Style feels, WHOOP WHOOP WHOOP WHOOPIN J DASH STYLE! Shall we begin...****

*** * ***

><p>The wind whistles in Stoick's ears as man and dragon fly over the frozen sea below.<p>

"Almost there..." The chief whispers to himself, giving Thornado a slight pat on the head.

The riders and Stoick are more than half way to Outcast Island. The snow has finally stopped falling but the clouds have darkened as if a blizzard were approaching.

"What should we do once we get there?" Astrid asks, her and Stormfly flying closer to the Thunderdrum.

"You and Fishlegs will wait down at the cave by the beach. I'll go in and get Hiccup. Once I come out with him, we'll fly over to Johann's ship, you two will inform Snotlout and the twins and we'll head back to Berk."

"Sounds like a plan chief." Astrid replies, flying higher into the clouds on her Nadder.

Astrid sighs. These 5 days have been hard on her. Without Hiccup life just felt...boring, dull, lifeless. The night Stoick's had told the village of Hiccup's abduction, she had run off into the woods to the secret cove where Hiccup had found Toothless and she threw her axe at every tree she could find, trying to let out her emotions.

Stormfly grumbles and squaks, adjusting her position in the sky, sucking her rider back into reality.

"There!" Fishlegs calls from Meatlug, his Gronkle, fluttering through the sky. "An island!" The boy points ahead of them.

"Outcast Island..." Stoick's says, his eyes focussed on the landmass unfolding before him. The island comes into clear view. And just as they had expected. There are at least 5 Outcast ships heading out to greet Trader Johann.

"Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, follow those ships towards Johann and shoot them down once they reach 'im."

"Sure thing chief!" Snotlout replies, flying towards the ships, the twins on their Zippleback following behind the Nightmare.

Fishlegs, Astrid, and Stoick make their way to the beach of the island, landing silently next to a small cave.

"You two stay hidden, we don't know if any Outcast's stayed back..." Stoick's says, gesturing to the cave behind them.

Astrid of course agrees, "But-"

"No," Stoick stops her. "If too many of us go in, then we could all end up like Hiccup and do you really trust the twins and Snotlout rescuing you?"

"No..." Astrid grumbles.

"Also if anything happens in there, I'll need you two to come in."

The Hofferson girl sighs, the snow crunching beneath her feet as she slides off of Stormfly, "Just be careful chief."

"Thank you Astrid, I will." Stoick's replies, dismounting of his Thunderdrum.

The timid Gronkle rider and the fearless Viking girl watch as the Berkian chief jogs through the snow, towards the center of the island.

Stoick stealthily makes his way through the island, sword unsheathed and ready to attack anyone who dare approaches him. No Outcasts have been spotted yet. The snow blows down now harder than before, the thick flakes getting lost in the chief's auburn beard.

Stoick continues his journey until he reaches the entrance to the prison.

The chief looks around carefully, scanning the area for any approaching Outcasts. He sighs in relief, none in sight.

"How could Alvin be so stupid? Stoick whispers to himself, peering around the corner, his sight locked on the door ahead. The door to the prison.

So far so good. The chief sprints to the door, staying alert with his sword unsheathed in case any Outcasts had stayed back.

Stoick's hand clasps around the frigid metal handle, the other around the butt of his sword to kill anyone or anything that gets in between him and his son.

"3, 2, 1-"

Stoick slams open the door, a large hallway revealing itself to him. No Outcasts in sight, just a line of dark rusty cells. The musty chilled air sends the smell of coppery blood to the chief's nose.

Stoick moves quickly scanning every last cell. There isn't a cell

without a corpse, bones, or bloodstains. At the 20th cell the chief looks more carefully at the figure dangling from the shackles holding their wrists. The prisoner is covered in wounds, from scars, to bruises, to scorch marks. Blood drips down their body like sweat. Their tunic is torn and burned in many places. His hair is matted down with sweat and blood so much that you can hardly tell what color it is, making it stick to his small face, falling into his eyes as his head limply hangs.

Stoick stares in disbelief at the prisoner, watching as their chest moves dimly up and down.

Suddenly, the chief's eyes fall on the prisoner's legs, or should he say...leg.

Their left leg is reduced to a "clean" little round stump just below their knee. The air turns thin around Stoick as he stares, his eyes widen in fear. A lump forms in Stoick's throat, his mind swirling with thoughts but one stands out more than the others.

One word weakly escapes the chief's lips.

"Hiccup..."

* * *

><p>DA FEELS! STOICK DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE HIS OWN SON! I got that idea from Thomas' Paine's The American Crisis that we learned about in Social Studies. I think this is one of the longest chapters, idk. Anyways, I'm having a hard time writing the next chapter and yes I know, Alvin was REALLY stupid! So ya... On Thursday I had a horrible day. It was auditions for Worship Team at my school and I was audition with my guitar and I messed up on the chords like 5 times :(I don't think I made it... But on a happier note, You are now looking at the new 8th Grade Girl Student Council Representative! I won the election for 8th grade girl class rep.! Anyways. IM SO SHUCKING EXCITED! NEXT SATURDAY I GET TO GO SEE SATAN HIMSELF, Hehe JK, I get to see RICK RIORDAN! YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! So ya... I hope all of you guys have had a good week, or day, or minutes. If you guys ever want to talk I have my school iPad so I can even respond to you during class even though I'm not supposed to SHHHHHH! See you little Chicklets later!**

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

**P.S, SOOS AND THE REAL GIRL WAS EPIC! No more Colombian nights... Hehe I'm not afraid of your eyes at all. I'M GONNA LOOK AT THEM! EYE. CONTAAACCT! **

16. Chapter 16: His Little Hiccup

Hi guys! So I saw this review and I laughed so hard.

a random person (Guest)

a random person:Hhmmm. You tortured Hiccup so much his dad almost couldn't recognize him... are you sadistic?

**I kinda have a weird obsession with reading Hiccup torture stories.
LOL Anyways. **

I AM SOOOO SORRY ABOUT NOT UPDATING! I've had volleyball and tests and homework and guitar and UGHHHH! I haven't had time to sit down and write! I will try to update sooner next time! This chapter is sad. It makes it sadder if you listen to the song The Fault In Our Stars by Troye Sivan while reading it! But... The perfect soundtrack for the beginning is WCKD Lab on The Maze Runner Soundtrack. I use the soundtrack ALL the time for ALL my stories and chapter! That or Harry Potter. :) Well. I hope you guys enjoy this chapter, have the tissues ready... This will be fun...

* * *

><p>"Hiccup...HICCUP!" Stoick cries out, shaking the bars desperately.<p>

The prisoner doesn't respond, his auburn hair hanging in front of his face.

The chief unsheathes his sword. A roar of fury erupts from his throat as he slams down the weapon on the lock. The thick piece of metal crumples as if it were made of straw.

Stoick throws open the cell door, his knees weakening beneath him.

The first smell that greets his nose is that of thick, coppery, blood.

The chief crumples down by his son. Tears well in his eyes as he stares at his only son, bloodied, tortured and broken before him.

Stoick quickly tears away the leather strap that binds his son's thighs together, tossing it aimlessly against the far wall.

Hiccup lets out a small pained groan, his head jostling from side to side.

"It's okay Hiccup, I'm here..." The chief says comfortingly, caressing his hand through the boy's blood-stained hair.

Stoick quickly looks up at the shackles holding his son's wrists. The chains are rusted and thick, the clasps small, almost as if they were made just for Hiccup...

The chief picks up his sword and cuts it through the air, the blade hitting the chains with one swift move. The sound of metal against stone rings through the air as the chains clatter to the floor. Hiccup falls forward, the chains no longer supporting his little weight.

The boy's limp and almost lifeless body falls into his father's arms.

Tears well in Stoick's eyes as he cradles Hiccup in his arms. His only son. Bloodied. Beaten. Tortured. Scarred. His skin like paper

with glass veins underneath. So fragile. So weak.

"I'll kill Alvin," Stoick whispers, "I'LL KILL 'IM!" The words ring through the air, echoing off the frigid stone walls.

One arm still supporting his son, Stoick takes off his chiefton bear skin and carefully wraps hit around the pale bloodied boy.

Wind whistles through the halls of the prison, sending small amounts of snow and ice into the small horrid cell.

Slowly, the chief stands up, being careful not to jostle the precious bundle in his arms.

One thought holds Stoick's mind captive as he throws open the cell door.

Get. Hiccup. Home.

* * *

><p>OHHHH SNAP! ANGST DRAMA SADNESS DESPAIR! THE EMOTIONS THE FEELS! I hope you guys liked this chapter! I have a science on minerals on friday along with a vocab quiz and another test. Whoop de doo. OKAY! So I went to see TMR again with my brother and these two people sat next to us and they started talking really loudly in another language and they were cuddling and looking at social media the ENTIRE MOVIE! I WANTED TO PUNCH THEM SOOOO BADLY! Then everyone laughed when Teresa was like "THOMAS!" in the box and I was like "Stupid greenies..." And rolled my eyes. So ya...

I hope you little Chicklet's enjoyed this emotional chapter! Beware, a storm is coming...

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

17. Chapter 17: Almost

HI GUYS! I JUST REALIZED THAT I NEVER POSTED CHAPTER 16 LIKE WHAT! SO I JUST DID THAT! I AM SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO SORRY! I HAVEN'T UPDATED IN LIKE FOREVER! I AM SO SHUCKIN SORRY! School has been insane. But here I am! HAPPY THANKSGIVING CHICKLETS! EAT TURKEY, SLEEP, FANGIRL, BYE GOLD BYYYYYYYYEEEE! Sorry random fandom reference. Ya so... HERE IS DA CHAPTER!

* * *

><p>Stoick runs. He doesn't care about the cold air nipping at his skin, or wind cutting through him, he just doesn't care. All he cares about his Hiccup. All that matters is Hiccup.<p>

The chief holds the precious bundle closer to his chest, the icy wind echoing through the halls of the dungeon.

A pained groan escapes the sons lips. Stoick holds the boy closer, re-wrapping part of the chiefton bear skin around the shivering Berkian heir.

"It's okay, we're almost there..."

But what does almost even mean anymore. Almost, it's a word of failure. Almost, it means you were so close, but then you didn't push hard enough. Stoick could've prevented all this from happening. If he had just stopped Hiccup from going on that flight. He was so close. He almost saved him. Almost...

Stoick throws open the door to the outside world. Biting cold greets him. The man winces as the frigid wind slices his skin.

The blizzard has started.

But it doesn't matter. Snow, ice, it doesn't matter.

The chief clutches Hiccup in his arms tighter, protecting him from the horrid cold swirling around them.

Stoick runs, the wind pushing him from the front, battling against him.

The tortured, freezing boy shivers from inside the cloak. The father quickly looks down at his son, slowly he unwraps part of the fur to reveal the fragile boy's face. His lips blue, skin pale, almost lifeless, almost like a frozen corpse. Stoick carefully caresses the boy's cheek, planting a small kiss on his forehead. The wind nips at the chief's skin as he lifts his hand up and recovers his son's face with the fur as he runs through the thick snow.

The man looks down at his hand, his eyes widen in fear, frozen tears welling within them.

Blood. Red, coppery, frigid blood covering his entire hand, soaking it. Hiccup's blood, the blood of his son, staining his hand.

Stoick quickly shakes the thought away, placing his hand back onto his weakened son's back.

Slowly, the beach comes into view, snow blurring his vision.

"ASTRID! FISHLEGS!" Stoick yells into the wind, scanning for the two riders in the swirling ice.

"Chief! Over here!" A girl's voice shouts through the blizzard.
Astrid

The chief runs over to the voice.

"Did you get Hiccup?" Fishlegs asks.

"Yes..." That's the only thing he says as he mounts onto Thornado.

"Is he okay, where is he?" Astrid quickly says, mounting Stormfly.

Stoick doesn't reply. He holds the precious bundle closer to his chest.

"Get the twins and Snotlout and head back to Berk."

The chief shoots off into the dark clouded sky.

"Stoick, STOICK!" The young Nadder rider yells as she watches the man disappear into the storm.

Stoick doesn't stop. He flies through the sky on the mighty Thunderdrum, the snow swirling around him. The wind nips at his skin, blurring his vision.\

The thought of Hiccup's blood comes back into his mind. It has soaked through the thick bear skin, it soaked his hand. That blood had come from the wounds on Hiccup's back. Alvin had whipped him...He whipped him. He had sliced through his flesh, massacred it, like it meant nothing to harm another human being, a child. He harmed Hiccup. He harmed him on purpose, just so he would train some stupid dragons.

But it doesn't matter anymore. Hiccup is safe in his arms, protected from the tortures of the world.

The blizzard blazes around the father and son, the snow engulfing them as they fly deeper into the storm, farther away from Outcast Island, and closer to Berk, closer to home...

* * *

><p>If you're wondering about the feels, ya, I did.

****THE FEELS ARE REAL MAN! THE STORM STARTED! HOW WILL THEY GET BACK TO BERK? WILL HICCUP SURVIVE? WHAT WILL HIS INJURES BE LIKE? HOW WILL STOICK DEAL WITH THIS!? HOW IS CHEESE DIFFERENT COLORS! IT'S JUST UNNATURAL MAN!****

****I will faintly post the next chapter quicker than this one was posted. Ya... OKAY SO I SAY MOCKINGJAY AND OH MER GOSH PEETA! (is it bad that I laughed when I was spazzing at the end?) But he looks so,so, so horrid! I LOVED IT! He was so broken and YESSSS! Anyways... if you Chicklets wanna talk my inbox is ALWAYS open. Ya...REMEMBER! REALITY IS AN ILLUSION THE UNIVERSE IS A HOLOGRAM BUY GOLD BYYYEE!****

****From your favorite Fangirl,****

****Mary/Marian****

****P.S: I'm actually really bored so if you peeps wanna talk send me a message****

18. Chapter 18: No

****HAPPY SNOGGLETOG LITTLE CHICKLETS (or should I say Merry Newtmas, hehehe) This is my present from me to you! I haven't updated since November and I'm SOOOO sorry! I'm going to be working A LOT more on this story and less on my other for a month or two. This was my first fanfic ever so I feel really bad for leaving you guys hanging like I**

did. At first, I was planning to make this Stoick's POV, but then I thought, I think my readers might want a little bit of Hiccup. So, this is Hiccup's POV! I know, there hasn't been one since like, summer. (which is unacceptable on my part) I won't keep you Chicklet's waiting any longer. (P.S: you might want some tissues...) **

* * *

><p>Pain. That's the first feeling that comes back to Hiccup. 1 week. 7 days. 180 hours. That's how long he's been in the clutches of the Outcasts. That's how long the guilt has been building, brick by brick.<p>

If he had just listened to his father, if he had never gone out on that midnight flight. It's all his fault. He has no one else to blame but himself. He put this pain onto himself. His hand was the one at the end of the whip, his hand was the one forcing the Pain down his own throat. His feet were responsible for the beatings. This weight was all on his shoulders, weighing him down more as time passes.

It's all starting to come back to him. The world starting to become less of a blur. he can feel the better cold nipping at his exposed skin, the wind raging around him. He can feel the agonizing stinging of his open wounds, the blood trickling from them.

But Hiccup knows there's something missing.

The cool, burning pressure of the metal against his wrists. It's gone.

The tight squeezing of the leather bindings on his thighs, gone.

He's free.

It shouldn't be possible, it shouldn't.

Hiccup feels the strong arms holding him, protecting him from the dangers of the world. He feels soft thick fur against his bloodied body, he feels the warmth of another against him.

"It's okay, I've got you, I won't let anything happen to you, you're safe son..."

No, no, it shouldn't- it can't- it is.

Hiccup needs to wake up. He needs to. He doesn't care if his body isn't ready, he is. He doesn't care how painful it's going to be, he needs to wake up.

With every last ounce of strength he can muster from his body, the boy is determined to do this. Painfully, he pries open his eye lids, bright white frigid light greets him.

A blood curdling, heart wrenching, throat shredding scream erupts from his throat, broken, uneven sobs following.

The light slowly starts to fade in a blur.

Snow falls around him, no, rages around him like a blizzard of white.

"Hiccup!"

The boy's eyes widen as tears stream down his sulken cheeks.

"D-d-dad..."

The man stares brokenly down at him, moving his hand to caress the boy's face. Orange facial hair litters the man's face.

Dad.

"Hiccup, it's okay. You're safe. I've got you, I'm here." The father chants, pulling the teen closer to him, shielding him from every harm in the world.

"No, no." Hiccup softly slurs.

He doesn't deserve this. This is his own fault. He doesn't deserve the protection, the warmth of his father. All he deserves is pain.

Alvin was right. All he deserves is pain. That's when the memory flashes before his eyes as he drifts out of consciousness, his father calling out to him.

* * *

><p>It's weird, when I write in my journal, everything looks so long, then I type it and I'm like wow, this is short... Ya. And, yes, THERE'S GONNA BE A FLASHBACK! BOOM! This actually wasn't the plan but I was writing the end of this and I was like, "Wouldn't it be cool to do a flashback to when he was being tortured?" So I added it :) Ya

I really hope you guys have an amazing Christmas! Also, if any of you guys are Maze Runner fans, I made a TMR Elf Yourself so if any of you would like to see it just PM me and I'll send you the link (It's got the Ivy Trio shaken what their mamas gave them hehehe)

Anyways... Have a very Merry Christmas! Eat lots of food, spend time with family (or spend time fangirling/fanboying or reading) watch Christmas movies, and be merry!

Merry Christmas to all and to all a Happy Snoggletog Night!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

19. Chapter 19: Almost Lost Him

**I FOUND MY JOURNAL! YAY! It was stuck behind my bookshelf! Okay now

that that's taken care of... I know THIS chapter is supposed to be a flashback but I started writing then when I finished I was like "Shuck, this was supposed to be a flashback." So flashback is the next chapter but this is a SHORT Stoick's POV but don't worry, right after this I'll post Hiccup's flashback. I promise :)**

So HERE. WE. GO! WOOOOSH!

"Hiccup! Hiccup! Stay with me son!" Stoick shouts, clutching his little boy closer to his chest, trying to shield him from the snow and ice raging around them. The boy's eyes stay closed, his breaths shallow and uneven.

The chief had seen this before.

"Oh gods please no..." The worried father quickly places his frozen ear to his son's chest, praying for a beat.

"Please, no, please..."

Silence. Until...

A small thump lifts his spirits, followed by another, and another, and another.

"Oh thank Thor." Stoick sighs, adjusting the bearskin around the boy, trying to cover his exposed body.

The man checks his surroundings for what seemed like the 100th time.

White. For the 100th time that's all he can see. Snow blowing left, snow blowing right.

A full on blizzard, a curse from Thor himself.

"Come on Thornado, just a bit more." The chief encourages the Thunderdrum, fight back against the raging storm.

The dragon grumbles in perseverance and continues flying, pushing against the strong, frigid wind.

The cold bites at Stoick's skin, leaving icicles in his beard.

That's when he sees it.

A large object coming into view. It stands tall in the water.

The chief recognizes it. He had seen it millions of times before when he was coming back from sailing expeditions.

It was the stone viking.

Now more clearly, he could see it. He could see the fire blazing inside of it's open mouth, his sword held high.

Not to far beyond that was an island.

Berk.

I'm sorry for how short this was. I actually added more onto it on here, but hey, a chapter is a chapter. :)

So how was your Christmas? Mine was good. I got an iPhone (4), a TMR poster, TMR on DVD, and a new guitar case. (also books, and books and books LOL)

**If you review please tell me how your Christmas was, I would LOVE to hear! **

Okay, have you guys heard Talk by Kodamine or Kodamine in-general? I am like obsessed now!

**Also, I think my friend turned me into a Directioner...I read a 1D fanfic on Wattpad called Left to Die and it's really good, if you guys like 1D you should go read it. It's really good! It's like a horror movie! **

Anyways... If you guys EVER want to talk, don't be afraid to PM me! I'm always open if you wanna chat :)

See you Chicklets next update (in a few minutes)

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

20. Chapter 20: Hide the Flame

IM NOT DEAD! OHMERSHIM SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SO SORRY GUYS! I have like 3 new fanfics on wattpad and I've been working like CRAZY on those and I just haven't had time to work on this and oh my gosh im so sorry. i left you chicklet's on a cliffhanger and I didn't update for like 3 months and I'm so sorry. *hugs all* Okay. I'm making it up to you guys. This chapter is long, and i'm actually REALLY proud with how it turned out. I have a feeling you guys are going to love it! It is a flashback, as I promised I would do. So, without further a do... Here is Chapter 20 of The Midnight Flight!

* * *

><p>Hiccup hangs helplessly from the wall of his foul cell. Wet, beaten, tortured, scared. Yes, scared. The young dragon conqueror is terrified. Never in his life has he been so terrified. Even when he lost half of his left leg, this still tops it.<p>

So many things they have done to him. He can still feel the frigid salt water stinging through his open wounds.

The chilling shackles cut into his raw wrists. Why they have him chained up so tight, he does not know. A chain and manacle for each wrist, both attached to the chilling stone wall behind him, his thighs bound together with a thick leather strap.

The boy sighs through the foul gag, wincing slightly at the pain shooting out from his chest.

The sound of footsteps flows through the air, growing closer with every second.

Hiccup's eyes widen in fear.

'No,' That's the only thought that the Berkian heir can grasp onto. No.

He knows it's Alvin. He knows what happens when Alvin comes. He can't take any more of it. He can't take the pain. No...

The sound of keys jingling rattles through the air, almost to the beat of Hiccup's heart.

"Mornin 'iccup." A foul voice announces, the door to the cell creaking open. "I've gotta surprise for ya..."

The boy tries desperately to hide his fear. He tries to bundle it up inside of his stomach, conceal it, cover it up, anything. But Hiccup's efforts fail. His fear shines through like an open flame.

A large figure steps into the room, his boot landing in a shallow, small puddle of vomit and blood. Hiccup's vomit and blood...

The figure steps closer, the small amount of light cascading in from the barred window above making it possible for Hiccup to get a better look.

Alvin the Treacherous takes yet another step towards his captive, an evil smirk painted across his leathery face.

Another figure, Savage, steps into the rancid cell, a horrid smile plastered across his mouth. The Outcast doesn't bother to close the door.

Hiccup is confused by this. Are they not here to hurt him? Is Savage just being forgetful? Are they taking him back into the arena? The boy shivers at the thought. If he were to be put out there now, he wouldn't be able to do anything to stop a dragon before it-

Hiccup's thoughts are cut short by a strong, meaty hand ripping the foul gag from his face. The boy takes in a much needed breath, spit dribbling down his chin.

Alvin looks at the fabric in his hand with disgust, flinging it away. It hits the wall with a slight wet thunk before falling down onto the rancid stone floor.

Hiccup looks up at the Outcast Leader. He can almost feel the fear burning in his own eyes. He tries desperately to dull it down, but his efforts only cause it to grow.

Alvin catches the gleam of terror in the boy's green eyes, his evil smirk growing at the sight. Helplessly, Hiccup watches as the Outcast takes a small black crystal vial out of his pocket.

"You see this boy." Alvin starts, shaking the vial in front of Hiccup's face, causing the boy to flinch back in fear of being hit. "This is one of my favorites in my cupboard." That phrase makes him sound like a grandmother talking about her spice cabinet, but Hiccup

decides to keep the thought to himself. "I saved this one just for you..."

The young dragon conqueror huffs, trying to conceal his shaky breaths. "Wow, Alvin, I feel so honored." Hiccup snaps back, trying to add as much sass as possible into each word as they rub against his dry throat like pieces of broken glass.

Alvin sneers, raising his hand without hesitation. Hiccup winces, squeezing his eyes shut. He waits for the slap, but it never comes. He slowly opens his eyes to see the Outcast chuckling to himself, his laughter like nails on a chalkboard to the boy.

"Oh 'iccup." Alvin says with a dry sigh. "You're going to regret that..." A spark seems to ignite in the Outcast's eyes as Hiccup stares into them, sending ice through his veins. "Do you know what this is?"

Hiccup doesn't respond.

Alvin doesn't do anything about this, holding the small vial up higher in the dim light, twisting it between the tips of his fingers. "This is a special poison I like to call Pain."

'Wow, couldn't think of a better name?' The boy thinks to himself in fear of Alvin's punishment if the comment were to slip out.

"There is no cure. It runs through your veins until it's gone. Very painful, vile, powerful, agonizing process..." The Outcast continues. Savage lets out a small chuckle from the background. Alvin acknowledges this, turning his head and nodding to his henchman. The evil smirk on the "savage" man's face grows immensely. Suddenly he walks towards Hiccup.

The boy pushes himself against the wall as much as possible, causing his cuts to burn like hot coals, trying to put as much distance between him and Savage. His efforts fail. The Outcast grabs the boy's jaw line, forcing his mouth open painfully.

Desperately, Hiccup tries to close it, desperately he tries to shake Savage off of him, but his strength just won't transfer to his head. He doesn't even have any strength...

Helplessly, Hiccup watches as Alvin uncaps the vial, a small plume of steam rising from the liquid inside of the black crystal.

The Outcast Leader steps closer, towering over his captive.

Hiccup stares up at the horrid man, staring into his dark, frigid eyes, as if begging _please, please, don't do this._

Alvin stares back, chuckling dryly. "You deserve all this 'iccup, you let this happen to yourself, you worthless piece of shit."

The Outcast Leader pours the liquid from the vial into the boy's mouth. The burning taste of vomit, fire, coals, and death fill Hiccup's mouth, causing his eyes to water. A gurgle-like scream erupts from his throat as the poison slides down, burning and bubbling as he desperately tries to up-chuck it.

His efforts fail.

Savage finally lets go of Hiccup's jaw, causing his chin to slam down into his chest. Spit trickles down the boy's chin as he slowly raises his head. He watches as Savage exits the cell, Alvin slowly following behind.

The Outcast Leader turns his head towards his captive.

"You deserve this 'iccup." Alvin chuckles. "Some heir..." An evil sneer spreads across his face as he slams the cell door shut.

Suddenly, Hiccup's blood feels as if it were being boiled inside of him, his stomach twists in unnatural ways, his throat burns, everything burns.

He feels everything and nothing all at once.

An agonizing, throat shredding scream rips through the boy's throat, tears starting to form in his eyes.

Pain Alvin had called it...He deserves this Alvin had said...

Maybe he did deserve it...

* * *

><p>yAY! I hope you guys liked this chapter! Hiccup has some sass in there! *snaps fingers in z formation* Okay so you guys are probably wondering "WHERE THE F WAS SHE THESE PAST THREE SHUCKIN MONTHS?!" Well...I've been writing one direction fanfics... ya... I just kinda got too caught up in those but hey! I'm back and tomorrow I'm going to start working on the next chapter! Man, it feels so great to be back. This is now my only fanfic on so I can spend lots of time on it. I actually really want to talk to you guys so can you guys like please PM me, I want to know what you guys have been up to :) That sounded so stalkerish LOL. Oh and you guys NEED to read Fangirl! BEST. KLUNKIN. BOOK EVER! Like seriously though! Okay so ya...I don't want to make this AN too long so if you guys want to here more about what I've been doing, please PM and tell my what you've been doing and we can chat and stuff :) I love you guys so much and thank so much for sticking with me. You are truly the best readers ever!

See you Chicklets next update! :D

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

21. Authors Note: I'm Not Dead!

Okay guys. I just need to say that I'm not dead. A CHAPTER IS COMING! My summer starts on Saturday so I will have A LOT A LOT of time to write and I promise a chapter will be up soon! I have it written, I started typing it out but I want to make it PERFECT for you guys because you Chicklets deserve the absolute best! School has been super crazy...I've had track (i ran the 400 and 200) I've had guitar (I

started playing electric :D) I've also just been super busy with reading because I've been trying to cut down on my TBR (to be read) pile. Also...there's this show I found called Sherlock...ya. That's been taking up a lot a lot A LOT of my time (JOHNLOCK IS JUST OHMERGOSH AND REICHENBACH FALL WAS SOOO AIUHAWEUIF DA FEEEEELLSSS! IF YOU WANT TO FANGIRL ABOUT SHERLOCK PLEASE PLEASE MESSAGE ME!)

Chapter 21 will be coming as soon as I can type it out! I promise! If you guys have to even wait another month I will burn all my books and my Harry Potter wands and I will stop watching Sherlock! I promise I won't leave you guys waiting that long ever again! Thank you so much for sticking with me Chicklets! I love you guys so much! Next chapter will be up REALLY REALLY SOON!

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

22. Chapter 21: Nothing Matters

****Stoick's POV:****

The icy wind nips at Stoick's exposed skin. Almost there... Almost there...

Berk comes into a clearer view, snow thrashing down from the sky in thick, frigid sheets.

Almost to Berk, almost out of the blizzard, almost to Hiccup's safety.

The Berkian chief pulls the small bundle closer, trying to shield the contents inside from the raging storm.

All he needs to do is get Hiccup home.

All he needs to do is get Hiccup to safety.

Those are the only thoughts that flow through Stoick's mind as the small houses of Berk start to become more visible through the falling snow and ice.

"Help!" Stoick's shouts into the wind, his voice strong and deep, cutting through the air like a knife. "Someone get Gothi!"

The island comes into perfect view. The chief can see a few people peeking around their homes, but most probably sheltering from the storm.

Carefully, Thornado lands on the snow covered ground. The dragon grumbles, showing his dislike for the bitter cold.

Without hesitation, Stoick dismounts, pulling the bundle in his arms closer as the wind picks up.

"Someone!" The chief cries into the blizzard, "Help! It's Hiccup!"

Suddenly, a dark figure appears through the snow. Instantly Stoick recognizes the man.

****Gobber's POV:****

'Stoick should be back by now with the other riders, and hopefully Hiccup.' The blacksmith thinks to himself, checking outside for about the 20th time. Still the same. Snow swirling through the air, making everything turn white. The wind is blowing more forcefully than it was a few minutes ago.

"Gobber! Close the door, for Odin's sake! We need to keep the fire going!" Spitelout shouts, adding another log to the fire pit.

The blacksmith sighs with a slight eye roll, closing the door once more.

Toothless whimpers from the corner of the room, pulling his tail closer to his body. The poor dragon has only moved once, and that was just coming downstairs. He hasn't eat or drunken anything in a week. Gobber has never seen the poor beast like this and it worries him. What if Hiccup doesn't make it back? The Nightfury would be crushed! It's been heart breaking just to watch him mope around for a few days but what would he do if Hiccup d-

Suddenly, Gobber hears something. The man's eyes wide, his mouth opening slightly.

"Gobber?" Spitelout asks, "Are you alrigh-"

"Shut up!" The blacksmith hisses, his hook-hand shooting up, gesturing for the viking to keep silent. "I heard something."

The few people in the room freeze, eyeing the door.

The sound comes again, barely from the harsh wind.

"Help!" The voice shouts. "Someone get Gothi!"

Without hesitation, Gobber throws open the door, the wind greeting him like a pile of bricks. The blacksmiths hobbles quickly out into the snow as fast as his one peg-leg can carry him.

No one tries to stop him, all knowing who the voice has come from.

The cold pierces Gobber's skin like knives but he pushes through the raging blizzard. The voice cries out again.

"Someone! Help! It's Hiccup!"

Gobber's heart sinks into his stomach. Hiccup. The poor lad. The blacksmith has half raised him through the years while Stoick has run the village. Hiccup is like a son to Gobber.

"Stoick!" The blacksmith yells into the snow. The chief comes into view, Thornado behind him, but no Hiccup.

Gobber is about to ask where the boy is, but his eyes fall on the bundle in Stoick's arms.

'Hiccup...'

"Oh gods..." Gobber mutters to himself, his voice cracking slightly. The vikings feels as if someone has stabbed a stake into his heart and twisted it. The last time he had felt like this was when Val was...

His stomach churns when he sees the blood stains peeking out from Stoick's hands. This instantly tells Gobber that they don't have much time.

"Gothi..." Stoick says mid-breath. Gobber nods without hesitation.

Quickly, he puts his hand on the chief's back, gesturing him to move forward. Stoick does so, but faster then the blacksmith had expected.

Stoick begins sprinting towards the home, the snow blowing forcefully against him.

"Stoick! Wait up!" Gobber yells after him, hobbling after him through the snow. Thornado follows along beside the blacksmith as they watch Stoick disappear into the snow.

****Stoick's POV:****

Stoick can't feel his legs, he can't feel his arms, his fingers, his feet, or his toes. All has been numbed from the frigid air, but he doesn't care. He knows it doesn't matter. Nothing matters right now. Hiccup is hurt, he was hurt by someone, by Alvin for Thor's sake. Nothing is more important then getting Hiccup home.

Nothing.

Stoick doesn't notice how fast he's running, he doesn't feel his feet flying across the snow and icy covered ground. The chief doesn't even feel the wind blowing forcefully at him. All he can feel his Hiccup's uneven breathing against the warm furs.

The house comes into view, the wind pounding against the walls.

The chief's eyes widen in hope. Without even knowing, he finds himself sprinting even faster than he knew he could towards the house, towards Hiccup's safety.

"Stoick!" Gobber calls after him, trying to catch up on his peg leg. Stoick can't hear his friend calling, all he can hear is Hiccup's weak heart beat as it gently thumps every few seconds. That's the only thing that matters to him.

The door slams open, snow rushing into the room. The chief rushes in, gasping for breath as warm air fills his lungs.

A few people crowd around him, their voices jumbling together. Stoick doesn't hear them, all he can do is clutch Hiccup tighter in his arms.

They're finally home.

* * *

><p>HIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII CHICKLETS! Okay I have worked so long and so hard on this chapter! Since I haven't updated in a REALLY long time I wanted to make this chapter REALLY SUPER SUPER good! It's like almost 11pm so I hope I didn't miss anything while editing! I might not be able to update for a bit but I won't leave you as long as I did before I promise! I have a film camp and a volleyball camp for the next two weeks so I won't be able to write then but I promise I will try to! I can't believe this story is almost 1 year old though! THAT'S INSANE! You Chicklets are seriously amazing and I wish I could give each and every one of you a hug and a giant cookie filled with Nutella (or NEWTellA hehehe)! I have so much more planned for this story! If you want to know the path at all for where this is going or if you just wanna chat, PM me and I will try to get back to you as soon as I can, I promise! :) If you read all of this AN then comment "Kevin the Pigeon" (also if you get that reference then you get a carrot hehehe that's another reference to a band!)

**I hope you Chicklet's have had a wonderful day and- oh ya! I forgot to say, I'M OFFICIALLY ON SUMMER VACATION! *CONFETTI CANNONS GO OFF AND HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL 2 MUSIC PLAYS* **

**See you aMAZEing Chicklets next update! (please review, your reviews make my day :D)
>

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

23. Authors Note:Storytime

Okay so, I've been thinking about this for a while and I think this is the perfect time to tell you guys.

**Last year I felt like no one understood me. I felt alone. We've all felt like this before, it's a normal thing to feel, but I was feeling it. I didn't get to the point with self harm or anything (I was too scared to and I promised myself I never would no matter what). During this time I found fanfiction. For some reason I fell in love with the dark fanfics, the ones where the main character always gets really hurt. From there I began daydreaming my idea of the perfect fanfic. 'Hiccup getting kidnapped by Alvin and tortured severely but then Stoick comes and rescues him and-' sound familiar? I began writing down my idea in a small journal while I was on a mission trip. From there I transferred it into a bigger note book so I could expand it. From there I typed it onto this website. That story is now The Midnight Flight. Anyways, since I posted this story, that feeling of aloneness has gone away. I still feel sad at times, but without the rain, how would we get rainbows? I have since realized the reason why I became so in love with dark stories. I was feeling alone and sad, so I put those things into my writing. I made the character feel rancid, I took out my feelings on them. I used the darkness of the writing to take out the darkness in me. (i really hope this is making sense) Writing helped me get through a really tough time in my life, and it still is helping me. Without this story, I wouldn't be the person I am today. **

I decided to tell you guys this cause I thought that maybe one of you is in the same position as me. Maybe one of you is reading this and thinking, "I feel alone, I feel like I'm not understood." I know how you feel. It gets better though. It always gets better.

If you ever need anyone to talk to about anything, I am always open. I check my email at least a billion times a day. Fandom is Family, right?

**You can get through this. Stay strong Chicklet. **

A new chapter will be coming soon :)

**I love each and every one of you Chicklets *gives HUGE hug* You are all so amazing and talented and I wish I could meet every single one of you and tell you that. **

See you next update :D

From your favorite Fangirl,

Mary/Marian

End
file.